

THE WASHINGTON HATCHET

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THE HATCHET has a larger regular mailing circulation, with one exception, than any Sunday publication in Washington, and we believe the second largest local circulation in the District of Columbia.

The British consul at Copenhagen calls the attention of persons trading with that country to the necessity of registering their trademarks in Denmark.

We may talk about the open door in China, but we must not shut the door in Washington. We fear that President McKinley is making a grave error in favor of William Jennings Bryan. He is but adding fuel to the fire of the Democrats when he does not call Congress together. If we are not at war with China, we were not at war with Spain, and it will take some very convincing arguments to convince the American people that such is not the fact. The putting off of calling Congress together but adds fuel to the fire of imperialism, and feeds the people in that superstition, which may prove the rock on which McKinley may strike. Therefore, we advise that Congress be called in extraordinary session, and the matter of the murder of our citizens in China disposed of by the people and of the people, and the cry of imperialism for all time set aside.

THE RUSSIAN BEAR.

Late advices from Pekin indicate that the Russian commander is acting independently, claiming that his country had declared war against China. He disregarded entirely the wishes and desires of the other commanders, and actually took possession of the three gates to the imperial city which had been carried by the American forces under General Chaffee, whilst he and the other commanders had retired for a conference. At this distance, such a proceeding appears absolutely outrageous. From the very beginning it has been evident that in the event of a dismemberment of the Empire, Russia was bent upon obtaining the lion's share. Of course, dissension among the allies is very gratifying to Li Hung Chang, whose every move has been to produce just such a result. But the Russian Bear is hugging a delusion if it presumes that the other great powers will submit to its dictation.

PROPHETS OF EVIL

We are not, neither are we alarmists or sensationalists, but with the lights before us, and a careful analysis of the present situation in China, we can arrive at but one conclusion, viz: The result of the present imbroglio will involve the whole civilized world in a war which neither our children or grandchildren may live to see the end of.

LANKY BOB NOT A BACK NUMBER.

The Cornishman demonstrated to the satisfaction of the multitude at the Seaside Sporting Club, Coney Island, last Friday night, that he was easily Sharkey's master—the sailor going down and out in the second round. Sharkey lost his head, as usual, and thus became an easy mark for the sledge hammer blows of the ex-blacksmith. Exit Sharkey.

All hopes of continued cool weather were rudely shattered on Friday and Saturday, when the mercury climbed up into the nineties. The intense humidity had all Washington sweltering and praying for relief. A protracted siege of high temperatures, however, is hardly expected thus late in the season.

Washington merchants are busy receiving their Fall supplies. The past season was a most successful one, and all are anticipating a heavy trade during the coming fall and winter. As one extreme always follows another, severe weather may be reasonably expected during the winter months, hence, 'twere wise to be prepared for just such an emergency. Beginning next month, intending buyers will find the advertisements of only reliable firms attractively displayed in the columns of the HATCHET, and those who would buy wisely, and be treated well, should consult these columns before making their purchases.

Russia has abandoned the fiction that she is not at war with China. It is more than probable that Germany and France will also throw off the mask, and then where will this Government be? Most positively "in the soup." True, Pekin has been taken, the legations relieved, for which the civilized world is devoutly thankful, but these are minor items compared with the colossal task which now confronts the Administration. What about indemnity? If only a handful of soldiers is kept in China, what's to become of the claims of this Government against the Celestial Empire at the final settlement? How about the "Open Door?" our pet scheme, or dream rather, which never had, and never will have, any foundation in fact. The whole truth of the matter is that we have been put into a "pocket," and will be kept there.

There will be a reunion of "Mosby's Men" at Fairfax Court House, Va., on the 11th and 12th prox. The survivors of that once famous command hold annual reunions at some point in what was known as "Mosby's Confederacy." Brigadier General Stoughton, of the Federal Army, has been invited to attend. This officer was captured by Mosby at Fairfax Court House in 1863. The feat was most startling. Mosby, with twenty-nine picked men, penetrated for several miles inside the federal lines, proceeded to General Stoughton's headquarters at Fairfax C. H., entered his bedroom whilst he was asleep, awakened him and bore him away a prisoner. Washington will be well represented, as there are about forty grey and grizzled survivors of the old command residing in this city.

Louis Peck, the negro whose assault on a five-year-old white girl caused riots and the burning of the city hall in Akron, O., is now in the penitentiary sentenced to imprisonment for life. The finding of the indictment by a special grand jury, trial, conviction and sentence of the prisoner occupied less than two hours.

THE GALLUP FAMILY.

AN EVENING OF LAMENTATIONS BY THE AILING WIFE.

She Knew Her Time For Departure For the Other World Had Come, and She Was Anxious to Become an Angel, but There Were Drawbacks.

(Copyright, 1909, by C. B. Lewis.)

Mr. Gallup had finished his supper, removed his coat and shoes and sat down in the rocking chair to read the copy of The Chemung County Gazette he had brought home from the post-office when Mrs. Gallup dropped down on the lounge with a sigh and began:

"Samuel, if you could spare a dyin' woman three or four minits of your time I should like to talk to you. I know you don't like to be bothered when you are readin', and I wouldn't say a word if it was only a bble on my leg or one of my back aches, but it's more serious than that, Samuel—fur more serious."

Mr. Gallup stretched his legs out to their fullest extent and made his toes crack, but he never looked up from his paper.

"I don't want to give you no sudden shock," continued Mrs. Gallup as the tears began to stream down her cheeks and her nose to twitch, "but it's my duty to tell you, so you kin prepare yourself. Samuel, you'll be a widow before Saturday night! Tonight is Tuesday night. Before sundown on Saturday night the funeral will be over, I'll be an angel, and you'll be free to go out somewhere every evenin' and play checkers. Do you hear me, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup may or may not have heard her, but if he did he paid not the slightest attention.

"Yes; I've got my call to go," she resumed as she wiped her eyes on her



"SPARE A DYIN' WOMAN THREE OR FOUR MINITS."

apron. "I've had rheumatiz, fever, consumption and heart disease, and many and many a time I've expected to go, but I have never felt like this before. My heart goes tunk, tunk, tunk, my lungs seem to be hitchin' around, and now and then my breath shuts off on me the same as if I had got caught in a hole in the fence. Mrs. Watkins was took this very way before she died, and so was Mr. Comfort. It may come tonight, or it may be delayed till tomorrow, but within a day or two I'll be an angel. You won't blame me fur dyin', will you, Samuel?"

Mr. Gallup turned his paper over, pulled in his feet and crossed his legs, but made no reply.

"Folks can't help dyin', Samuel—that is, I can't. I hate to go before I've made the soft soap and put up the fall pickles, but I can't help myself. It was so with Mrs. Watkins. She had the soap grease all ready and was all ready to dye rags for a new carpet, but when Gabriel's horn sounded she had to spread her wings. You'll miss the soft soap, Samuel, fur you're a great hand to wash up, and you'll miss the pickles, fur you love sour things, but will you miss me?"

Mr. Gallup held the paper in his left hand and reached down his right to scratch his heel through his sock, but he was dumb. Mrs. Gallup looked at him through her tears for a time and then choked down a sob and said:

"Well, if you don't miss me I can't help it. I've allus had hot water ready when you wanted to wash your feet, and you've never found me without stickin' salve fur sore fingers. I've nursed you through colic and set up with you through fever. You've never had to tell me my bread was heavy or the biscuit tasted of saleratus. And when I'm laid away, Samuel, you'll remember that I wore the same bonnet and shawl fur 21 years and that I allus made a pair of shoes last three years. Haven't I done purty well all things considered?"

Mr. Gallup might have agreed with her, but if he did he didn't say so aloud. He crossed his legs the other way and scratched the other heel, and when Mrs. Gallup could restrain her tears she observed:

"I ain't leavin' this house the way some wives would, Samuel. When I am gone, you'll find your shirts and socks and everything in the usual place, and you won't have to sew on a button. I'll even scald out the teapot and scour out the dishpan if I have time. If angels can look down from heaven, then I want to look down and see that I've left everything in order. I want to ask you about angels, Samuel. Are they all old or young angels, or are they sorter mixed up? Will I be set back 30 or 40 years, or will I be an old woman angel?"

She looked directly at Mr. Gallup and waited for a reply, but he was reading how to make a hammock out of a four barrel, and he paid no heed to the question.

Will I be changed in the twinklin' of an eye and made as purty as the rest of 'em?"

Something like a smile flitted over the face of Mr. Gallup, but it was probably caused by the article he was reading.

"And about the music, Samuel? I can't play on no harp without lessons. I have never even seen a harp. When we was first married, I used to play on the accordion fur you, but it was awful poor playin', and you soon got sick of it. Is it goin' to be expected that I kin fly right up to heaven and begin playin' on a harp the very first thing? If it is, then I dunno as I want to die. I never could a-bear havin' folks laugh at me. And the singin', Samuel—the singin'! My voice is cracked, and I sing through my nose, and is that goin' to do up there? I s'pose I could walk around with a robe on and talk and visit, but I can't sing nor play, and they needn't expect it. Samuel, shall we talk about whether you'd better take a second wife or not? Sometimes I think you had, and sometimes I think you hadn't. What do you think?"

Mr. Gallup turned from the hammock article to one on natural gas in Ohio, and he extended his legs again and prepared to digest it thoroughly. It might have occurred to him that Mrs. Gallup was in the room and that she or some one else was talking to him, but he answered not. Ten minutes had gone by when he finished the article and looked up and around as if he had suddenly missed something. Mrs. Gallup lay curled up on the lounge fast asleep, and in the corner of each eye still glistened a big tear.

M. QUAD.

HER "SUSPICION CURE."

It Made Life One Lingering Honeymoon For Mrs. Jones' Adviser.

"I would be quite happy if my husband would not spend so much of his time at his club," said Mrs. Jones, with a sigh.

"Why don't you try the suspicion cure?" said her intimate friend.

"What in the name of Susan B. Anthony is the suspicion cure?" asked Mrs. Jones in amazement.

"Well, my husband got in the habit of spending his evenings at his club, and I worried over it for some time before I hit upon a plan to keep him at home. At first I pleaded with him, telling him how lonely I was at home when he was away, but he would only laugh and promise to be home early, which meant midnight or later. Then I changed my tactics. Instead of asking him to remain at home I urged him to go to his club. The way he raised his eyebrows the first time I suggested it showed me I was on the right tack, and I resolved to keep it up. One night when he came home for dinner he announced that he had a severe headache and would remain home for the evening. I opposed the idea and pointed out that an evening at his club would cause him to forget his headache and do it good. He gave me a hard look, but acted on the suggestion and left for his club. Something told me that he would be back within an hour, so I made an elaborate toilet and waited for him to return. He came home, as I expected, with the plea that his head was worse and that he couldn't stand the noise at the club. I condescended with him and ignored his question concerning my elaborate toilet. He hasn't been away for an evening since. It is almost like the old honeymoon, only he appears to have something on his mind that he is not entirely satisfied about."

—London Answers.

Baldness.
It has been found on study of 300 cases of loss of hair that baldness prevails most with unmarried men, which is contrary to the general belief. The worries of the bachelor may be fewer, but they are more trying to the scalp than are the multitudinous cares of the man of family. Most bald people are found to lead indoor lives, and almost all of them belong to the intellectual class. Usually the loss of hair begins before the thirtieth year. In woman it usually constitutes a general thinning; in men it affects the top of the head. Diseases that affect the general nutrition of the body are likely to thin the hair. Heredity is a factor. If one has baldheaded ancestors, all the drugs of the pharmacopoeia will not bring out flowing locks. —Argonaut.

Four to One.

An English officer in Malta stopped in riding to ask a native the way. He was answered by a shrug of the shoulders and a "No speak English."

"You're a fool then," said the officer. But the man knew enough English to ask:

"Do you understand Maltese?"
"No."
"Do you know Arabic?"
"No."
"Do you know Italian?"
"No."
"Do you know Greek?"
"No."
"Then you four fools. I only one!"—Youth's Companion.

An Incredible Lawmaker.

It is recalled that when the projector of the railroad up Mount Washington sought a charter from the New Hampshire legislature one of the lawmakers, in his speech on the subject, said, "Give the fool permission, but he might as well ask for a railroad to the moon!" But the railroad is still running to the Tip Top House.—Buffalo Commercial.

A Married Man Says that a Wife

should be like a roast lamb—tender and sweet, nicely dressed, but without sauce.—Chicago News.

When a man approaches you and begins telling how honest he is, hold your hands on your pocketbook.—Acheson Globe.

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STICK TO SIMPLE FOOD.

The American Business Man's Face Demands Rapidly Digested Dishes.

"There was in the old days far less wear and tear upon the nerves, and, under such conditions, digestion was more completely performed," writes Mrs. S. T. Rorer of "Why I Am Opposed to Pies," in The Ladies' Home Journal. "The mothers of today must look more carefully to the building of their bodies and brains than their mothers and grandmothers did. Indeed at the pace at which we Americans are going we use our brains at full speed nearly all the time. What man can build brain and brawn on pies, layer cakes or preserves or any other mass of material which from its very complexity requires labor and time for digestion, drawing the blood from the brain to the stomach during his working hours? Observe those who eat their complex foods carelessly and hastily and you will see at a glance the conditions that necessitate a complete rest every now and then, or an early nervous breakdown.

"In my close observation in the last 20 years I find very few people in our common struggle for existence who can for any length of time eat carelessly of complex foods. At 40 or 50 a man may perhaps have accumulated wealth, but not health, and of what earthly use is the first without the second? Many persons in the generation gone before have eaten pies at least once a day, but they have not had meat three times a day, nor have they rushed at our pace. They gave more time to the digestion of the pie. People who recommend these rich foods rarely know anything of their complex conditions and still less of the complexity of digestion."

Peculiar Occupation For Which Only Few Are Qualified.

The ham smeller's only tools are a long steel trier and his nose. He stands in a barrel to keep his clothes from being soiled by the dripping brine, and the hams are brought to him, and he plunges his sharp pointed trier into them, withdraws it and passes it swiftly beneath his nose. The trier always goes down to the knuckle joint.

In testing meat in that manner the man with the trier judges by the slightest shade of difference between the smell of one piece of meat and another. The smell of the meat is almost universally sweet, and that is what he smells. The slightest taint or deviation from the sweet smell is therefore appreciable. It is not the degree of taint that he expects to find, but the slightest odor that is not sweet.

When he detects an odor, he throws the meat aside, and if it is not unwholesome it is sold as "rejected" meat, but if it is tainted it goes to the rendering tank. The ham tester smells meat from 7 o'clock in the morning until 5 o'clock at night, and his sense must never become jaded or inexact or his usefulness would be at an end.

Ham testing is not a pursuit dangerous to the health, as tea testing is supposed to be, but the ham smeller with a cold in his head is like a piano player who loses his arm in a railroad wreck. —Kansas City Star.

A Test of Accuracy.

Drawing from memory is one of the most difficult things in the world to do. Even professional artists find that they must rely largely upon hasty jottings made upon the spot as suggestions for their pictures. Those who are not artists need to look keenly and closely at what they wish to recollect, for they must depend upon their memory to bring details back to them. It is an excellent corrective of superficial observation to sketch a scene as we think we saw it and afterward return to the scene and take another view. It is a training both in accuracy and humility, for we learn how easy it is to deceive ourselves as to what we have remarked.—Florence Hull Winterburn in Woman's Home Companion.

She Got a New Pair.

Sarcasticus and his wife were going to the theater.

"Will you please go in and get my goats off the dressing table?" said Mrs. S.

"Your goats?" queried the puzzled Sarcasticus. "What fangle have you women got now?"

"I'll show you!" snapped the wife, and she sailed away and soon returned putting on her gloves.

"Are those what you mean? Why, I call those kids."

"I used to," replied Mrs. Sarcasticus, "but they are getting so old I am ashamed to any longer."

He took the hint.—Pearson's Weekly.

Economy.

"What's this?" exclaimed the young husband, referring to the memorandum she had given him. "One dozen eggs, one pound of raisins, a bottle of lemon extract, a tin of ground cinnamon and half a pound of sugar—what do you want with all these things. Belinda?"

"I've got a stale loaf," replied the young wife, "that I'm going to save by working it up into a bread pudding. I never let anything go to waste, Henry."—London Fun.

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